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ANNEX

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MEMORY OF
STANFORD TAYLOR

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This copy for
Miss Gertrude Stanford
with affectionate regards of
Edward Robert Taylor

San Francisco
July ninth. 1900.



IN MEMORY
OF
HELEN STANFORD TAYLOR

Who, in her eighteenth year,
passed from earthly being on
the evening of the third day
of June, nineteen hundred.

By E. R. T.

FIFTY COPIES PRINTED AT SAN FRANCISCO FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION
IN THE MONTH OF JULY AND YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED

Oh, give me words all steeped in tears,
And heated in the hottest fire
My heart has known in all its years,
To body forth my grief's desire;

To speak of her who was to me
A vision of celestial light,
But whom I can no longer see
No matter where I strain my sight.





AN this be day? The sun
is up,
And I have had my break-
fast cup;

The wagons roll along the street
Where men go by with hastening feet;—
Ah, yes, it must be day.

But come and see where cold she lies,
Death's fingers on her once-bright eyes;
With pallid lips that cannot stir;
The aching mother bent o'er her;—
Ah, no, it is not day.

II



CANNOT deem that she
is dead;

I cannot think that she has
fled

Forevermore from me;

For in the midst of nightly things

There is a something subtile brings

Her form again to me.

III



BIRD of strange and brilliant hue

With powerless wing was fain to fly;

But as my heart its fate did rue,

A sudden wind from out the sky

Swept it far up until it seemed

The strength had come its soul had dreamed.

IV



OW bloomed round her the
flowers of nurturing care,
How breathed on her Home's
kindliest summer-air,
How softly smooth her daily paths were
made,
From that sweet moment Life first gave
her breath
Until that bitter time her dear head laid
Its liliated loveliness in lap of Death!

V



Y heart was kept with fear
astir

Lest lightest harm might
come to her;

My lips could not have dared to speak
One word to pale her bloomy cheek.

But now my fears are gathered up
In grief's exhaustless wormwood-cup,
And though I spoke in loudest tone
Her cheek no paler hue could own.

VI



IN mystery's face I did but
peer

When she my heart with
love did fill,

And yet her pulseless beauty here
Breeds mystery which is greater still.

VII



HOSE dainty fingers, how
they swept
The keys until the music
leapt

With bounding, heartsome thrill;
But now as on her breast they lie,
They from Death's organ wring a cry
Than polar ice more chill.

VIII



FROM out a wood where
waters ran
As only joyful waters can,
Where flower and tree
with rapture heard
The ecstasy of many a bird,
And in the air was such a lull
That everything of peace seemed full,
I sudden came upon a cave
With brooding gloom as of the grave,
And peering in the darksome nave,
Awe-struck I saw upon a stone
A mother bowed in grief alone.

IX



H, mournful joy to call to
mind

What often comes at
memory's beck:

To see around each other's neck,
Like honeysuckles intertwined,
The arms of mother and of her
Whom Death forbids dear Love to stir.

X



MUSIC fell upon mine ear
As though from some celestial sphere,
Then sudden ceased, and
discord's clang
Throughout my heart remorseless rang.
Alas! what awful woe
In human heart may grow!—
What dreadful thought to stab a man,
That Heaven from Hell is but a span!

XI



LONE I lay on desert
sands,
No water near my palsied
hands,

Above me vultures' ravening bills,
And in my heart the grief that kills.

'Twas but a dream, as well you say,
And as a dream, has passed away;
Then let us kneel beside her bier
And beg the faith that casts out fear.

XII



OW far I've come since I
was born
To be thus stricken and
forlorn;

To halt beside Life's rugged road
And pray for strength to bear my load.

XIII



N angel met me in the
wood

And led me where her
sister stood;

Then each one kissed me on the cheek,
But not a word did either speak.

They vanished, but I knew that they
Had brought me flower of peace that day.

XIV



HE fog rolls in as it has rolled
For years that never can be
told,
And all the sky is dull and
gray
As in the far-off, olden day;
And hearts still ache
Until they break,
As it has been since Death held sway.

But though the fog be deeper rolled
The sun's above it as of old;
No sky can be so dull and gray
But that the blue will have its way;
And hearts will wake
For love's dear sake,
As it has been since Life held sway.

XV



WOMAN, great of form
and face,
Who seemed to be of
Sorrow's race,

Led me away from sun-bright air,
And from the trees and blossoms fair,
To lonely depth of solemn wood
Where but the sombre cypress stood.

She gently breathed a wordless prayer,
Then left me strangely dreaming there;
And when I waked, a newer grace
Was round me as with love's embrace,
And forth I went in heartened mood
Beneath the spell of chastening's good.

XVI



HAT note is this which
sweeps
Along the mountain steeps,
Where neither grass nor
tree

Nor verdured thing can be?

'Tis Life's great trumpet blown

By lips that heroes own:

"The death-strewn Past is gone—

The Present's yours;—march on!"

XVII



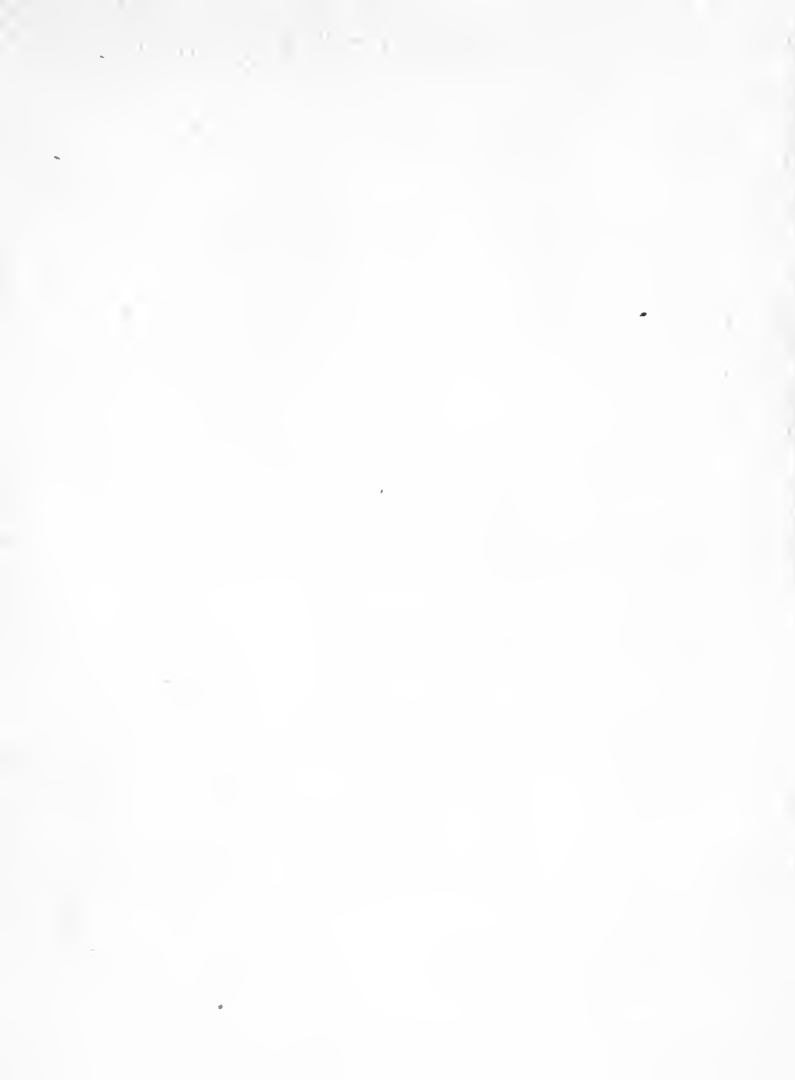
THE world o'erflows its cup
of woe,
Each heart has felt the knife
of pain;

But I would have my soul to know
That all is best, that God doth reign.

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O Grief that is darker than night!
O Sympathy brighter than light!
Mysterious twins, I have heard
Your awfulest, soothingest word.







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